

› Record Label Murder

[Paris:]

Now what would you do, if I blast
All up in yo' sh*t, motherf**k the whole staff
N***as know I flow, nine millimeter sh*tin slugs
I'm seein bloody bodies on the motherf**kin rug
Six o'clock be the time if it's on let it be
You see it in my eyes, ridin through, hella deep
See, b*t*h you ain't gon' do me like you did Da Lench Mob
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherf**kin long
Now - I ain't gotta name nobody name
All I'm knowin is the whole f**kin roster is complainin
Talkin bout these white boys tryin to do promotion
And white b*t*hes tryin to get f**ked by these soldiers
Talkin with that slang like you down but now hold on
See now that's enough to get yo' devil-a** stole on
F**kin with the wrong n***a, playin with my cash
I'm known for puttin devils on they motherf**kin back
Blast through the front do', what the f**k I'm 'posed to talk?
F**k court, I'll be a dead n***a 'fore you walk
Brownout at nine, had no motherf**kin mercy
So who the sexy n***a, b*t*h record label murder

[Chorus:]

(N***a label murder) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(That n***a fin' to start) Motherf**kers shoulda quit
(Better have a n***a money) Out for each and every dime
Seem like everytime I turn around
Some janky motherf**ker tryin to take what's mine
(N***a label murder) Got the whole f**kin click
(That n***a fin' to start) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(Better have a n***a money) Got these n***as out the zoo for the job
Bow down, motherf**ker you can die when we start robbin

[Paris:]

So many times I seen these n***as f**ked up out they chips
'Cause they didn't know the game, only makin 10 percent
Dealin with these f**kin jews, now you losin everytime
How many platinum n***as standin in the county line
Make you wanna get your brick and snatch his a** up out the car
Baby renegotiate, f**kin with them Scars
Now you askin who I'm talkin bout, homey you can pick

This whole industry got n***a sh*t on whitey d**k
And then since I'm a soldier known to speak my f**kin mind
I'ma put you up on game, everytime I start to rhyme
F**k that devil get yo' own man, learn about some sh*t
Or be another broke n***a, tellin what he did
And now I think you know, that I really gives a F**K
Fear no evil 'cause I'm God, let that devil try his luck
Last man standin up, for the truth, say you heard it
These players gettin played homey, record label murder

[Chorus]